66B0300

Woolf

[Diary]

Xmas 1904 - May 27, 1905

Thorpe's Northern Mythology.

NYPL

New Forest. Christmas. 1904.

Each blade of grass with a white line of frost on it.

The sunset makes all the air as though of melted amethyst. Yellow flakes ~~[illegible]~~ dissolve from the solid body of amethyst which is the ~~east~~ west. Against this, ~~bathed in its atmosphere~~, standing as though in ~~[illegible]~~ an ocean of fine air the bare trees are ~~[illegible]~~ deep black ink lines, as though drawn in Indian ~~black~~ ink which has dried dull & indelible. ~~Their~~ ~~a fringe~~ the small branches & twigs make a fringe of infinitely delicate lines each one ~~[illegible]~~ distinctly cut against the sky. The highest tips of the branches are russet, & so is the top of the trunk, in the ~~[illegible]~~ red sunlight. The trees stand round in a circle, & in

NYPL

their midst is a kind of little stage of grass &
heather-bog where it is greenest - in which a
pastoral play might be acted. Then the trees
close together again, with radii pathways
radiating at intervals to the open space —
The trees have green velvet jackets of moss.
This the brightest colour in the landscape.
A peach bloom of silver & plum colour covers
the trees at a little distance. Also a pale
green lichen, seaweed like in its shape, covers
the ~~b~~ bark. The trees very often spread their
branches into a symmetrical fan shape as though
they had been clipped by a landscape gardener.
A river in summer is as though made of plates
of ~~green glass~~ translucent glass, the top one of
which slides. Mystery of sound reaching one
through the trees; the distant ~~ra~~ music of hounds
running, the note of the huntsmans horn & far away
voices of men shouting all round as in some
distant romantic dream; as though falling through
an ocean of waters.
The stone window panes at Kings are iridescent
like a butterfly's wing when the sun shines
through the stained glass

NYPL

New Forest

I JAN

This is at any rate a cheerful new Year's day, as though we had turned over a new leaf & swept the sky clean of clouds. It was clear with frost at the turn of the night when the new year came in with the new day. T. & A. went out, with rum punch in their hands, to salute 1905; they shouted, & declare that innumerable owls answered them. This may be true, because on soft nights when I lie with my window open, I hear the mellow call of owls repeated again & again at no great distance, & the crude hollow of a baby owl, who ~~is~~ has still to learn the call of an owl. The afternoon was a beautiful specimen of winter light; the air as clear as ~~molten~~ though sheets of glass had been dissolved into atmosphere & all the colours were lively & delicate.

NYPL

2 JAN

A cold silent day. Snow flakes dropping quietly, which by degrees turned to falling rain.
I went out into the forest in the afternoon: found it all still & dun coloured, rain pattering through the leaves, & the ponies standing up against the trees for shelter.
All the same, wonderful modulations of colour.

NYPL

3 JAN

Bright morning: sad coloured afternoon, in which however we walked, & bogged ourselves, & cursed the mud, & could not look at the trees — which by the way, purple day by day. After screwing out fine-drawn theories about trees for 3 hours, I am not going to make more here. It may be my hopeful imagination — but I decidedly smell spring in the air. The dark doesn't fall like a knife in the early afternoon — & the spring is youthful & a time of hope & stir in the blood. I feel as though the old man winter had a spark in him now. Read, wrote, cursed, & walked — all as usual.

NYPL

4 JAN

~~Having somehow skipped~~

Home at 5.30 today. Not a bright
day in the forest; so [illegible] in London,
though clear at dusk when we
reached Waterloo. Passed over the
river, & saw the shores on either
side spangled with the lights of
London. like a Japanese print.
No letters of interest – nothing but
a tune on the pianola, a Watts
picture to hang, & an air of
great cleanliness & emptiness.
25. walking via Winchester to
Hindhead.

NYPL

5 JAN

P

A London day. That is to say only narrow strips of sky to be looked at, no bird noises, no sighings & moaning of trees & green growing things — no splash of water — only the interminable roar & rattle & confusion of wheels & voices. All this neighbourhood has asphalte, which does sensibly increase the noise. But my mind "grows mouldy in the country" — Here at any rate one has no excuse for a speck of rust. Typewrote, read, & sent off several Dall letters.

NYPL

A rainy day & for the most part I think. But all the morning I spent making a large paper book for the new Year. May it bear fruit worth having! Then at 12 I rushed out to get a key for my clock, & to negotiate about a handle for my new black stick bought at Christchurch. This will cost me 5s! wilful extravagance! Home, to find the silverpoint press arrived — N. & A. already grimy & deep in mechanism. Printed our first plate after lunch — & with success, though my book plate needs to be improved. Tea with Miss Sheepshanks, a large kindly rather able sort of woman — I am to start a girls club at Morley, & talk about books &c!

NYPL

Morning rather vague; bookplate printing I think, I achieved a passable rose & bud which now adorns my lovely new copy of Fitzgerald — Silverpoint is very kind to amateur drawing, & gives tone & depth where there aint any in the original. Today, I think, N. & I went to the Academy Watts Exhibition, which is weak & worthless — almost incredibly so, considering his reputation. Not a single first rate picture there, & many 5th rate. His "ideas" have swamped his art. In the evening to Morley College soirée in the Waterloo Road, where I discussed a class with nice enthusiastic working women who say they love books. These people are refreshing after the educated. G. Trevelyan made a dull & rambling speech

NYPL

8 JAN

A white & gray day - the colour of
Earth as we observed when we
took him out in the afternoon —
All the morning I worked at a death
mask of Shakespeare which is to make
a book plate in his works - made
something dimly like - elongated &
cadaverous - Anyhow, I have stuck it
in. A: away with B.R. beagling. T.
away at Hindhead; so N. & I improved
our solitude by more or less heated
arguments, about all kinds of things.
Walked in Regents Park in the afternoon,
a great gusty wind, tasting of country
moors, set all our London petticoats
flying. In the evening I worked at
a copy of a Greek Tanagra figure, for
a silverpoint book plate - a difficult job.

NYPL

Began, being Monday, work on the note
for Red. M: which I mean to do as
well as I can, & to which at present I
shall give my mornings. Wrote a few
pages: difficulties will come later.
So far smooth, & delightful writing —
it remains to be seen what stuff
tomorrow morning. Went down to the London Library this P.M.
& consulted C. B. Clarke about the Sketches
from Cambridge. They do possess a copy,
wrongly catalogued. Question gets a
impression not settled, but I think
most unlikely story. Windy, watery
weather, all gray & turbulent — which I
like. T. & A back. Tea together. have
finished. Thank God,
I dine with Violet. how Gs. Jane Hope in
with judicious skipping not masterly book is
15 but, a learned but not enough Continent
too many illustrations & not
to make good reading for any but specialists.

NYPL

10 JAN

Found this morning on my plate my first
instalment of wages – £2.7.6. per Guardian
articles, which gave me great pleasure. Also
a book "Women in America" for review
So that means more work, & cheques ultimately.
Wrote at the note for Fred all the morning,
bringing it down to 1897: I shall finish
sooner than I thought, as I know what I
want to say, & have not much difficulty in
saying it. I can only hope it will turn out
well. Then took some prints from a new
plate. Tea with Mrs Cram, to whom
I walked. Discussed the Morley College
scheme, & settled to get Savages advice
first, as to my capabilities of work at
present. Otherwise, to wait till
October to begin. Mrs H. Ward, curiously,
wrote to suggest Passmore Edwards work to
Nessa & me, but I have a valid excuse!
Worked at Spanish, which is really easy so
far, & I expect easy to read – but talking is
another matter.

NYPL

11 JAN

L. to Cambridge for the day. the somewhat
exacting demand of Nan. Wrote at the
note all the morning, not altogether easy.
& it expands under my hands, so it will
be longer & take longer than I thought at
first. no hurry however. Then walked out
into Oxford Street, to the old book shops,
which fascinate me; lunch with A:
out again to get glass cut for my
autograph letters which I mean to
frame myself. A poor old woman, blind,
trustfully quavering out her song by the
roadside in hope of coppers while the
traffic went thundering by. Gerald
to tea, brisk & cheerful. N. in later.
Cheering, come to our excitement. Spanish
xe: much as usual.

NYPL

12 JAN

Wrote this morning much as usual.
At 12.30 a motor sent by Margaret
came to take us out, so we had to
invent errands, & go whizzing through
the streets, swinging under horses noses,
& swerving round the corners, like a
skater doing outside edge – pretty
doubtless, but perilous. L: out
to lunch. I took Gurth to Regents
Park for a walk; but Regents Park
has none of the charm of Kensington
Gardens – no good trees, or hidden
places – flat open stretches of grass,
where you never lose sight of houses.
Read my review book, which might
have been better. Finished the
life of Morris – a very interesting book,
& a great man – so much superior to Burne Jones
& B.J. – but curiously inhuman.
[illegible] walk [illegible]

NYPL

13 JAN

Wrote all the morning, rather laboriously. Went out for my usual tramp, which seems to resolve itself into a tramp down to the old book shops, where I look but dont buy anything. After lunch I made some frames for my letters: George Eliot, James Thomson & Lowell's verses are done now, & stand on my x mantelpiece; rather successful. Out to my walking stick shop, where I saw it with a lovely silver head, which moved even the old Jew lady to artistic emotions - not get engraved however. I walked to the Library asked for Reedy's American books which aren't in - got a book about the relations of poetry & Music, which may come in useful for my Morley lectures, if I give them. Then to Violet's; sat & talked for a time; found her full of ideas & news. Anthony Hart is her own writing! Home: Will & Gerald home Will on his way through. Read at my review book which I hope to finish tonight.

Wrote at my review, which is difficult because of the space allowed, only 600 words & many things to put into it. But at 11 to Savage, who was well satisfied, thinks me 'normal' & able to return to all my usual ways, going out, work, &c.—so that horrible long illness which began in the 2nd week of April last year, is now fairly put away, & I need think no more of it—for which the Lord be praised! I may do my working women once a week, so I must accept my bribe for a lecture—but have finished my review. Lunched with G. & M. Then L. & I went to the International, which is full of cleverness & affectation. Then I went on to Miss Sheepshanks, to tell her I will come on Wednesday. Typewrote something to see, ~~[illegible]~~ & the evening much as usual. Began After London, by Jefferies, which seems an imaginative & interesting book so far—

NYPL

15 JAN

Sunday.

Finished typewriting some things to show Kitty this morning which Nessa took to her. Then began to read Eugenie Grandet, in the 1s. paper edition which I bought at Haworth station, when I wanted to buy Charlotte Brontë! The cover got so torn in my coat pocket that I decided to bind it before reading it: so I cut it up, & sewed it strongly, & gave it a good blue paper cover & put it in the Press & it is now a nice looking & strongly bound book. Gerald & a youth called Bevan Murdoch to lunch: after which I left for the Queen's Hall Concert: a stale programme, which did not much interest me. Home; & wrote several dull letters, one long one to Ted, & paid bills & sent Mrs. L. my review, which is carefully done, but too long, as usual. A north wind sweeping the streets, & frost—

NYPL

16 JAN

Monday.

Wrote all the morning on my "lecture" for the Working women, & chose Prose as my subject, which does not commit me to anything. It amuses me rather to write, as I can say what I like, without fear of criticism, & the subject interests me — but Heaven knows if it will interest them. This day was the coldest of the year, & colder in London 20 something degrees of frost than elsewhere. The wind was dry & biting, & the streets slippery with sleet. However I went to the walking stick shops which still hasn't done my job. A telegram from Kitty to ask me to dine, which I did, driving through white & gleaming streets. Kitty alone — asked me to write for the Nat: on the strength of the things shown her by Nessa — which I shall be very glad to do. Mr Chirol of the Times is reading my things, with a possible view to asking me to write for the T. Supplement K. very charming

Monday

[illegible] the morning on my [illegible] for the
[illegible] Tara [illegible]
which they [illegible] to [illegible]
It is a [illegible] to [illegible]
can [illegible] like [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible] in [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible]
[illegible] However [illegible] to the [illegible]
[illegible] which [illegible]
A telegram from [illegible] to [illegible]
which [illegible]
[illegible] to the [illegible]
to [illegible] the [illegible]
the [illegible]
that he [illegible]
There is [illegible]
[illegible] nothing else to [illegible]

17 JAN Tuesday

Finished my Prose, lecture which must still
be written out, as I cant trust myself to
speak from memory — & with writing before
me I cant go far wrong.
Nessa lunched with Violet. I was
seized with a passion for rearranging
my bedroom, so I turned the bed round &c:
& hung pictures, & now it is fairly
straight & to my liking — Madge, by
the way. turned up before lunch, & I drove
with her to the station, where thank God,
I did not get into the train. I
prowled round bookshops in the Charing
X road, all the afternoon — saw many
things, which, were purse obliging, I would
get. Paston Letters, Rabelais, & James
Thompson: If I am taken on by the
Times I shall think myself justified —
& I axe my books. Adrian to
Cambridge. Invitation to dine with B. Richmond at the
Arms to meet Times!

Wrote all the morning at the Note which
is within sight of the end. Heard that
Mrs Lyttelton likes my reviews, which is
as well. Snow to sit to Nessa & to lunch.
& by the way to tea. Tisdall at 3 —
got books from the L.L. then had a tooth
sawn off in Ts. arm chair, preparatory to
Crowning — the d—t all! Then took
Thoby's watch to Dent — called for my
walking stick, which is ready but wont
be delivered till I produce the ready
money. bother the old Jewess — who cant
be an artist after all, or she would
take my cheque on trust. Home to tea —
Wrote & read after tea till dinner at 7.30 —
after which drove — 10 minutes only &
takes in a cab — to Morley, where I waited
25 minutes alone in a great dreary room with
tables & chairs & flaring gas jets — meditating
how on earth to discuss Sir T. Browne under these
conditions — Two women — rich & intelligent — came
finally, but were readier to talk than listen

NYPL

Wrote all the morning at the note — then changed & lunched with Elena Rathbone, where we met a Miss White (artist) & Mrs Rathbone — We asked Elena to dine before the Booths dance — then our motor (lent by George) came round, & we executed a series of brilliantly successful calls — Aunt Annie — At Mary. Palgraves, Hants & Rushfields — all, save Palgraves who were nice — & not — so we left perfectly dunning bills. Home. & Violet & Jack to tea. Jack to stand for Durham, where A. Elliott now is — that is if chosen as candidate, which he apparently will be. Elena to dine; Adrian up from Cambridge — at 9.30 having had my hair done by the family hairdresser, & & Nessa being done by a — We all went on to the Booths where were gathered the usual representative of a certain set who are for the most part amicable but dull. Danced till 2. & then home

NYPL

20 JAN

Up late, but wrote all the morning, & finished the note, which fills 34 pages of handwriting: & it is converted for typing, which I must now do, & then I shall be better able to judge — After lunch went to Dickle who hurt me quite considerably by ramming a gold crown into my jaw — To my surprise, I found George in the waiting room — the 1st time I have seen him since his marriage. Our meeting — under the circumstances was difficult — & short. Got my stick & umbrella at last the old Jewess having the decency to speak civilly — a debt for 6d. (what) I had to endure but which I have now paid. G. Booth, Radcliffe, Hynes to lunch — ah well, men are not so amusing as women. Adrian back to Cambridge after dinner.

NYPL

21 JAN

Wrote a lecture — an odd kind of lecture! — upon our journey in Italy, for the working women. This is the kind of thing they really enjoy I know — whether there were fleas in the beds at Venice. I shall have to invent some — &c &c — It is easy, though not instructive to write, & I rattled off 12 pages. Nelly Cecil to be painted whom I did not see. Katharine Stephen to lunch, very nice & large & sensible as usual with a low gentle voice — just home from a week in India. Harry & Barbara don't interest me, I am bound to say, but all Stephens must rejoice that one has achieved the feat of marriage. Mother & George in the afternoon who drove us heavily to Richmond, gave us tea at Star & Garter & home — A book from Mrs. Lyttelton wh. is convenient

NYPL

Up late, to do honour to the Sabbath,
which I spend partly in bed, as there are
no letters to make me come down to
breakfast. Nessa for her Sunday
jaunt to Kitty. I ~~type~~ wrote the Note
for Bel which I know to be heartily bad —
all cobblestone sentences as brisk & matter
of fact, without an atom of beauty or
swing about them. And I write a lot
prose! Anyhow they may be useful.
Gerald & Mary to lunch. Poor Robert
Brough, the painter, dead of the railway
accident. This carries out my theory that
artists & people of FFS die easier than the
common herd. If he had been a Plumber
he would have recovered — as it is —
another tragedy, & we have had many
lately. To Queen's Hall with Mary:
fair Concert. Eroica disappointing —
Nessa lunch Mrs Prothero, & dine Kitty
who likes my writing!

up late, to be [illegible] to the [illegible]
which) dressed quickly in bed in [illegible]
After to make me come down to
breakfast. I was for [illegible]
went to [illegible] wrote the Notes
for the club, [illegible] to be [illegible]
all [illegible] [illegible] make
my feet [illegible] in a [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible]. And I came to a [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] many [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] He [illegible] had a [illegible]
[illegible] His [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] people [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]. It had been a [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had
[illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Who [illegible] my [illegible]

23 JAN

Worked rather intermittently this morning,
as Nersa was on the loose, but concocted
lastly the Note ~~what~~ is type written -
On - for some one to ~~tell~~ me whether it is
well, very well or indifferently done -
Lunch at 1. as N. went to paint at
Alexandra House. At 3.30 I was
in Woolf's chair & sat there an
hour of acute discomfort & some pain
having a tooth stopped & that infernal
~~at~~ Crown jammed into my jaw - which
was finally done - but it aches like
fun at this minute, & spoils my
chance of a cheerful dance at the
Fishfields tonight where we are
to tea - full of
all going jokes
the Durham electors whose candidate
he is now - Russian massacres, & the
poor timorous Czar in hiding.

NYPL

We were not home till 2.30 last night — this morning rather — as we knew many people, & on the whole the dance was fun. A great gathering of Stephens, all amicable &c. — So we stayed in bed late this morning, & I am ashamed to say that I did very little work; but I am rather at a loose end just now, as the Note is done, & I have not yet read my new Review book — so I cobbled my lecture a little. Tomorrow, with fresh brain, I shall try & write a pot boiler — as I have time. Nessa & Nelly Cecil: Nessa to lunch, as vigorous & thoroughly cautious & in her sober wits as usual — Nessa & I chose a carpet with her after lunch, & I went on a Bus to Hampstead & back, which is a large & pleasant way of spending an afternoon which takes only one hour there & back. At. Minna to tea — the vigour of these old ladies! Read my Review book after tea, & found it happily amusing.

Another lazy morning - read however the greater part of my review book, so that will be written tomorrow with luck - & then? - I must turn about for something fresh to do. My birthday by the way - the 23rd - but, as usual, it was somehow rather forgotten - which one begins to expect at my age! - Violet to lunch, & she did bring a present - a huge china inkpot which holds almost a jar full of ink, & is rather too large to be practicable - I must cultivate a bold hand & a quill pen - George's motor after lunch in which we did various long distance jobs - then home, read my review book, & dinner at 7.30 as we went with Gerald to Peter Pan, Barrie's play - imaginative & witty like all of his, but just too sentimental - However it was a great treat.

NYPL

26 JAN

Wrote my review all this morning – some far one very long & damaging interruption – without which I should have finished it. At. Aunay & Hester, anxious to see over the house – which takes time. However they were enthusiastic, & finally I got off little but rewriting done. Nelly to lunch, so deaf. that to talk across a table is really hard work – but she has a charming alert mind – worth penetrating to. I then took Garth, on a leash which I bought for him, to the London Library & back – as he must learn to be a street dog if I am to exercise him. I think the variety of street smells make up almost for the Gardens. Mrs. Lyttelton to tea, large & healthy, & broadminded, a refreshing & inspiriting woman. Now to dine at the Crewes –

NYPL

27 JAN

Dinner last night at the Greens amusing – ten
people, among them M. Lyttelton Bruce Richmond,
& the Italian-English Villari – Taken down by him.
Brum – however Villaris Russian experiences had to
be discussed; they were interesting. B. Richmond
had my MSS in his pocket – but I got no
chance to talk as he went off to the Times –
However a letter from Kitty this morning to
say that he & the great Mr. Chirol approve,
& I am to come & meet them to discuss – I
dont quite know what, but I hope it means
that I am to get more work – reviewing I
suppose. Finished my Guardian Belle of 50
year ago book, which I hope is sufficiently
good – rather too long. A brute of a man spoilt
my morning by mending the grate, howling I
Did all I had to – Chintzes & new music come –
the Chintzes are delightful & make our drawing Motor this
room bright & furnished looking. Town
afternoon, did calls, & the Neals pictures – a legend
of them lovely, one especially of M. Cone by tube
& flowering sea. To tea with
where I played with the children –

NYPL

Dinner last night at the Greens amusing - ten
people, among them M. Lyttelton Bruce Richmond,
& the Italian-English Villari - Taken down by him,
Crum - however Villaris Russian experiences had to
be discussed; they were interesting. B. Richmond
had my MSS in his pocket - but I got no
chance to talk as he went off to the Times -
However a letter from Kitty this morning to
say that he & the great Mr Chirol approve,
& I am to come & meet them to discuss - I
don't quite know what, but I hope it means
that I am to get more work. recovering I
suppose. Finished my Guardian Battle of 50
year ago book, which I hope is sufficiently
good - rather too long. A brute of a man spoilt
my morning by mending the grate, however I
did all I had to - Cheyne & new music came -
the Cheynes are delightful & make our drawing
room bright & furnished looking. Motor this
afternoon, did calls, & the Leach pictures - some
lovely, one especially of a tigaied
on them & flowing sea. To tea with M. Lane by tube
where I played with the children -

28 JAN

All the morning gone! There are the tribulations of friendship, I suppose, & to be borne with a willing heart - but I grudge time, I must say. Faith come at 10.15 - stayed talking all the morning, being out of work, lunched here, went with me to the L.L. after lunch - & then I left her & went on to Violet, where I found W. Robinson the gardener, & designer of gardens - whom I am to go & see on Wednesday morning. An interesting man - Tea with Violet, & was blown up for my journalism, Promised to translate a bit of a tough Greek, as a penance - Home & Moorsom to dine - a strange pompous youth, who dissolved a little under the influence of Lady. I wonder why young people - men especially - have the strange ambition to be like the old. Nor approve of the state

In the morning for : these are the tabula-
my father days, I believe, to be borrowed
a walking trip but : joined home. I
next day. Reached home at 10.15 - Misgd
Eddling at the morning being at 9 to
noon looked here went with the
the [illegible] after lunch, the [illegible] left here
went on to Walt's where I [illegible] his
Robinson the [illegible] to go to
a writing [illegible] whom I [illegible] a
Whiteway [illegible] went with Walt.
morning.
[illegible] after my lesson [illegible]
Pennsylvania to [illegible] a bit of dough [illegible]
as a [illegible] Home, Robinson to
[illegible] a strong [illegible] who
[illegible] a little [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] I wonder when young people [illegible]
Especially - [illegible] the strong [illegible] to be
[illegible] the 10. [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

29 JAN

Sunday.

Soot fell in the night, so we had to breakfast in the Study. I made a paper book this morning for my translations. I think I shall begin with Thucydides. Gerald came to lunch, & afterwards Thoby & I went to the Zoo which is beginning to treat its animals with greater attention. A very wombatty wombat, the most delightful creature there: it has a large square head, with brown eyes, & the body is very fat & shapeless & covered with brown fur, & it waddles on very short legs, in short it is all that a wombat should be — The wombat naturally attracted Thoby. To Queens Hall with Nessa at [illegible] the music of [illegible], rather beautiful. T. likes my note

NYPL

30 JAN

Wrote all the morning at a paper which may, with luck do for Leo. It is about music! — naturally depends more upon the imagination than upon facts. Rather amuses me to write — since I have been ordered not to write for my brains health. Thoby's approval of the Note gives me great pleasure, as I think he meant it, & I am very glad to have made it good. Lunch with Aunt Minna, where I found Margaret. She was very nice, & more palatable than before. Sent me her motor to come home in, & first I went over Hyde Park Gate — for the first time since last Easter — & saw all the empty rooms, & was glad to find that now the furniture & books are gone, they are not painfully like home. Saw my old room — the ink splashes & shelves so strange — with the as old. I could write the history of every mark & scratch in that room, where I lived so long.

NYPL

31 JAN

Finished my possible Nat. Review article -
about which I am doubtful - Motor to
fetch me to Margaret's, where I lunched
with Ly. Burghclere, a small vivacious woman,
George & Theodore Davies. Not exciting.
To Trachy afterwards & with her to
get Thoby's watch. Came & Stebbing to tea -
also a telegram from Kitty asking me to
dine, which I accepted. Stebbing much
as usual, ~~[illegible]~~ dined with Kitty &
Leo alone, & Kitty discussed the Note
which I had sent her, & depressed me
by insisting upon many alterations -
to make it printable -
Chiefly omissions, it to be printed,
only I dont ~~want~~ she approved very
But I dont ~~think~~ me -
highly, which depresses
Home late -

NYPL

1st Feb: Wednesday.

Worked at various small jobs this morning which came to an end at 12, as I had to meet Violet at Mr. Robinson's in Lincolns Inn Fields to see his grates. He owns 2 or 3 gardening papers which he edits in this enormous fireproof block of building, built by himself. He seems to have a for successful inventions. His crown grate is the best — & I shall get one. Margaret Lyttelton to lunch, curiously like Angela Kay, only with a less coloured face — pointed & delicately the same difficulty in making — however we got in fairly easy talk. Then I went out to Nelly's new home in St John's Wood — where she has a long low room with a great window with trees across it, which reminds one of the country. My girls Club in the evening, 4 girls, talked about Venice & it was rather amusing

NYPL

2nd Feb: Thursday.

Started my translation of selections from Thucydides. I shall start with the beginning sketch of old Greece, which is interesting, & then I shall choose out good bits, speeches, I think. This is the first Greek I have done since my illness — since February, that is — almost a year ago. I remember the last mornings work at Thucydides & how my brain felt sucked up. I am glad to find that I dont forget Greek, & read Thucydides, which is tough, as easily as I ever did. I am going to throw my Spanish grammar overboard, I think, & start reading — & see how the plan works. I believe it is the only way, I at anyrate can learn a language — Grammar is hopelessly dull, & infects the whole language. Snow to lunch: out for a tramp thro' the streets with Goth. Mary, Jack, Gerald to tea.

NYPL

3rd Feb: Friday

Went through a whole pile of notebooks this morning & found out what Ned wanted I hope, about serious books, & wrote him a long letter, which took some time. I then did a little bit of Thackeray till Nevill came to lunch. After lunch I took her on the top of a Bus to Hampstead, where it was the clearest & loveliest of days, & from the top we saw blue hills which might have been Yorkshire moors, & heard early birds giving their freshest songs - Spring is — oh well — a platitude! Anyhow Hampstead is a really good Expedition. Home & Katharine Horner to tea - a tall little Goddess, with clear eyes & a pale skin -

NYPL

4th Feb: Saturday

Worked at Thucydides all the morning, which does somehow amuse me. I suppose is better than screwing articles out of my brain. I get nothing but criticism from Violet now – oh d–it – & this makes me determine to invite no more than is absolutely necessary. I shall send things straight to the Editors, whose criticism is important, in future. I should like more steady work at reviews, for the sake of my purse. How I hate criticism, & what waste it is, because I never take it really. Nessa to lunch. Thoby in; I went out with Mary Cone. & tried to get some to the British Museum, but found nothing upon it into my head, except some painted boots that I wanted to. It is a Mausoleum & Bragra figures. Bothered none about the Letter from Ked article for Les, after Violets criticisms

NYPL

5th Feb: Sunday

A lovely soft spring day with yellow like
clouds, & warm blue spaces in between.
Out into the Sunday streets, which
always look dusty & dirty. Found out
about a concert at Queen's Hall, to
which I want to go. Home, & read
to lunch. Wholly out tramping. After
lunch I read &c. till tea time when
we had an odd succession of callers.
First Henry Prinsep: the Indian judge — a
nice old boy with eyes, & a soft way of
speaking like Granny. Harry, he says, is
a very cozy judge. Then came Miss
Millais, a brisk little bird like creature as
usual, who never changes — Then came
Ozzy Dickinson, who with great courage
had to pretend to a knowledge of certain
mythical "very charming" Mrs. Allan.
Then came Victor Marshall, more like an old
gray bear than ever — so it was late when
they went. Then we went to a most pompous &
dull lecture at the Grafton Galleries where unceremonious
by a Mr. Rutter; when the P.R.A. & other R.A's filed across the
room.

NYPL

6th Feb: Monday.

Worked at Thucydides, who stimulates my perverse brain to write original melodramas: However I shall stick at him till I have finished the bit I meant to. Out before lunch to ask the price of a great hooded chair which I covet: but it costs £5.5.- & moreover shuts out the light, so I shall look elsewhere. Then to draw at Alexandra House, & I went down to the L.L. where I got some books about Early Xtianity!! because I want to read about that - but these books, I see, dont give me in the least what I want. Then to Farr & Schewer with a whole regiment of maimed brooches. As I saw Clara Pater's back walking up De Vere G: I called, found her out, & there was a brilliant General. With her to tea with Mrs Prothero, where were many strange women, Imogen Booth the only known one, & who came back to tea, & stayed for some time - a straight fresh creature, like a very nice boy - V.D. to dine

NYPL

7th Feb: Tuesday.

Scribbled some pages about Florence for my working women – & did a little bit of Thucydides. Margaret to lunch, which somehow fails to excite. Mrs L: sent round the Golden Bowl by Henry James, for review, which comes in conveniently. Also it ought to be an interesting book – says she liked my last review. After lunch I went to a Steinbach – MacCarthy Concert at the Queen's Hall which was one of the best concerts I have heard lately – a really good violinist – first rate orchestra & conductor, & they played Beethoven & Brahms. Needless to say, Queens Hall was practically empty, & I had a choice of excellent seats. Home & read my Review book; at 7.30 Gerald came, & I went out with him, – to dine at an Indian Curry shop which was strange & rather nasty. & then to the Talk of the Town – a silly but amusing comedy.

[illegible]

[illegible] two pages about Busoni for my
weekly article which is [illegible]
[illegible] Magazine to [illegible] which
somehow fail to [illegible]. [illegible]
read the Golden Bowl by Henry James for
review, which comes in conveniently. Also
I ought to be an interesting review!
says the Child my review
This week I went to a Beethoven [illegible]
concert at the Queen's Hall which was one
of the best concerts I have been to lately;
really good [illegible] conducted,
& conducted, & they played Beethoven's
[illegible]. Weather to [illegible] Queen's Hall
was practically empty, & I had a chair
of [illegible]. Home & [illegible] my [illegible]
work; at 7.30 [illegible] came, & I went out
to dine at a [illegible] [illegible] with him,
which was strange & rather [illegible]. Then to the
[illegible] of the [illegible] - a [illegible] but [illegible] [illegible].

9th Feb: Wednesday.

Worked at Thucydides all the morning, & did a good bit. After lunch Nessa went on a wildgoose chase to Alexandra House – At 4 I went out first to have my specs twisted straight as they are quite crooked, & perpetually slipping from my nose; then to Mrs Crum, where I found a large tea party going on in various corners, of people I did not know, except Bruce Richmond who very soon came to business. First told me about the Outlook, which is just starting new, with the Nat. Review man, Garvin as Editor & an enthusiastic literary man for the literary side. Would I write & review for them? So I said yes, with joy – Then he asked if "we" the Times, that is, might send me books for review also – So I said yes – & thus my work gets established, & I suppose I shall soon have as much as I can do – which is certainly satisfactory. To my girls: 7 – so they increase rapidly.

NYPL

9th Feb: Thursday

Finished my job at Thucydides – 13 foolscap pages, not an elegant, a very accurate translation naturally —— but rather a healthy kind of work, which doesn't admit of literary refinements! Snow to lunch, rather depressed, in body & mind, like all these vagrant & melody discontented young women – not enough enthusiasm to carry them through with a swing, & so their existence seems to drag & lack point rather. Took Gurth out to the L.S. this afternoon – on a leash at first, but at so much risk & botheration, that I let him free on the way home, which was really more successful. The Goods were to tea – somehow a trifle muddle-ged – always has been indeed, with her little characteristic nods & jerks – Then read my Henry James book after tea – which needs reading, & is very closely packed with words – 550 pages of small print. Henry James print too, wh. I am to boil into 700 or 800 words! Meantime with Cromis, & she & T to dance at Nicholes.

NYPL

10th Feb: Friday.

Read the whole blessed morning - & mornings are blessed - the long drawn out Henry James. I shall have earned the shilling I make by this review at any rate. Jack came & interrupted for 15 minutes, which is an interruption one likes to suffer, though I grudge it. After lunch down to buy a pair of shoes with her at Kembers then to the magnificent Harrods. & then home - Jack to tea, with me, as Nessa was listening to art criticism at the Slade. Then read more Henry James, but my desire to finish today is not likely to be gratified I see - & after all if I can send it off on Monday, I shant be keeping it too late. But all this time given up to reviewing rather bothers me. I bought - I have earned a right to buy occasionally - a Light & stand with 6 little shelves - & a flap on wh. to stand my lamp -

NYPL

11th Feb: Saturday.

Wrote an article on Essaywriting, which will do for the Outlook, or for Mrs L: but heaven knows whether it is trash or not — anyhow it dont much matter. I want to make a little money to pay for the extravagant little table — which I want some — Jack to lunch with Kang, his vast coloured Chow — with a coat like the thicket of thick carpets. After lunch I went to the L.L. to return a book, stamping on the way innumerable little envelopes which invite people to our great evening party, suddenly decided upon, for the 1st — That sentence strikes me as bearing the impress of Henry James — in which my mind is steeped! Theodore Davis to tea, cheerful & friendly, though heaven knows why I find it difficult to talk to him. Then, now, to dress, dine early, & see Henry 5th with a Max, naturally, of Thoby's.

NYPL

12th Feb: Sunday

Play last night was good, & well acted, & of course gorgeously clothed. So we had a little excuse for being late this morning—Nessa & I that is—Thoby was off early to take his working men to look for birds in Surrey—which is somehow pathetic. A steely kind of day, bright & polished, & ice cold. All the morning I wrestled with Henry James, & wrote my usual semi business letter to Ked chock full of facts & dates—Nessa meanwhile upholstered a drawingroom chair, with a view to our dinner tomorrow. After lunch I typewrote most of my Essay article: then, valiantly, as though plunging into a cold bath A. & I went off, on top of a bus, to take the air. All the streets swept by the wind & gritty, & curiously empty of carts & full of walkers. Home to tea, & entertained Marny & Mrs O'Brien, & a daughter Margaret, who plays hockey—a nice plain vigorous child, with bright eyes—Mrs O.B. as usual—Henry James I hope to finish tonight—the toughest job I have yet had.

12th Feb. Sunday

Then last night we [illegible] a [illegible] at 9. A [illegible]
some [illegible] clothed. So in bed a
little before [illegible] into this morning. Here a
I that is — Kathy was off early to take
his working men to [illegible] for lunch in [illegible].
[illegible] some [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] the
morning I went with Henry [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] we went [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] part of [illegible] [illegible] — [illegible] in the
[illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
the wind [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Home [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] who [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] child [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

13th Feb: Monday,

Wrote my Henry James review all the morning – between, that is, incessant interruptions: Mrs. Prothero would not dine then she would not – meanwhile we had got Susan L: so in the end I had to propose myself to Violet, as the table wont hold more than 8. However I did get my review done, rather a tough job, & I doubt whether she'll like it – but never was there such a book to review. Went to Alexandra House, where I fetched her, & we drove, or meant to drive to the Horners, but I thought the number was 49 – whereas it was 29 – & having tried many variations we gave it up, had tea in an A.B.C. & so home. I dined with with Traill, & O: after dinner I came home, & found the ladies in the drawing room. The Lainers, a great success. G. & M. Violet, where I found a dull Cousin, Mr. Tennyson; Mr. & Mrs. Prothero & Susan.

5th Feb. Monday

Wrote my being to see [illegible] at the
morning - between that in [illegible]
"[illegible]". Mr Pastors wouldn't have
then the wedding - [illegible] in [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] to in the [illegible] to
[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] the
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] then [illegible] the Horse
I did [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] it - but [illegible] we [illegible] [illegible] a
[illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] where I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a
went to Drive to the Harness - but
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] gave it up [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
with [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] where I found [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] a good [illegible]
Mr [illegible] [illegible]
Mr [illegible]

17th Feb: Tuesday.

Wrote a lecture for my working women all the morning: It is about Benvenuto Cellini as I am at my wits end for a subject, & this has some relation to Florence, which I have been talking about, & there are a great many plums which it is no trouble to pick. But I doubt whether they will like it. Margery & Jill Parker to lunch, very nice & like pretty young ladies which I enjoy. After lunch the Kershfields came, & I bolted, out to my dear bookshops, where I knew I could buy nothing, as I had no money with me. In a back street I found an interesting shop which keeps engravings — some of Whistlers — some of Legros! — there I shall return with a purse. A note from Mrs L: to say the review is a 3rd too long: oh d-it all — So I must cut it down, spoil it, & waste I dont know how many hours work, all because the worthy Portsmouth women want to read about midwives. Dined with Nessa at Saragon — a large ponderous medical party. Talked to Worrington J: & Schuster.

NYPL

15th Feb: Wednesday.

Worked all the morning at miscellaneous jobs — at my Cellini which I finished — Really I must find some way of doing these lecture jobs at other times — mornings are too precious. Then I tried to let some idea of a Spanish verb into my brain; then I finished my Essay which I typewrote it. Then, going down stairs happily, I found a letter from Mrs L: enclosing that wretched review, & asking me to cut it down, & send it back as soon as possible. So I set to work with literal & metaphorical scissors, & somehow patched it together, having cut out all the plot & a good deal else, so that it wont take more than 1,500 words & left it at Mrs Ls. house on my way to lunch with Aunt Anny at the Sesame. I do know I have spoilt the review as a review, & wasted my work — but it cant be helped. Lunch: Lady Gwendolen Cecil, nice, shabby & masculine; Lady Humphreys, — Hester. Walked home, read 2 review books sent by the Times — & to my first Club.

NYPL

16th Feb: Thursday

Rather a lazy morning as I didn't have to write — so I read a bit of Latin, the Georgics, instead — stately & melodious, but without the vitality of my dear old Greeks. However there is a charm in Latin which haunts one. Even that little bit of Virgil with T. in the summer, when I was hardly able to use my brain, brought a sense of harmony into them, such as for many months they had not known; & therefore I don't forget it. Lunch early & Nessa to Alexandra House. I took Gurth out — he is a load on my conscience — for a walk in Regents Park. This is what he most enjoys. A languid spring day, so I was ready to sit, & watch people more energetically walking, & even some little girls playing hockey in a corner. The number of men lounging out of work was astonishing. — So I've diagnosed them. Home & found Neill waiting who stayed to tea. A letter from Leo: delighted to accept my charming article — which is a load off my mind — to be refused by a friend would have been most uncomfortable, & I had made up my mind to expect it.

NYPL

17th Feb: Friday.

Toiled away at the Georgics this morning; but it was full of technical words which I had to look out, & this rather spoilt my enjoyment. However Latin is worth a little work. Violet came to lunch, & stayed afterwards; & worried me by insisting upon more fresh air — which means that I must go back to the old habit which I hated of walking out for half an hour before lunch — I dont think it a good plan; but I suppose I must agree, and it isnt worth worrying over. To the L.L. where I got two Spanish novels! — I dont suppose I shall be able to read a word, but I want to try, as it is the only way of learning it. I cant learn out of a grammar. Then Nessa & I went to the Horners, where we found & we had tea alone. Then came in Mrs Horner, bright eyed & vivacious & fashionable. Then we went to Katharine's room, & Lily came in — an obvious beauty, without charm. K. has twice as much. Back through a lonely wet evening found a letter from Literature & the Academy asking me to write.

Sketched away at the Grange this morning; but it
was such a [illegible] and what I had to
look at, & this with the spirit my engagement.
Whether this is worth a little work
[illegible] by break & stay [illegible] I was
worried me by waiting when [illegible] were
that reason that I went to walk to the
old habit which I hold of making out for
[illegible] before lunch — I don't think it
[illegible] but I suppose I want again [illegible]
[illegible] worth worrying over. [illegible]
When I got two sparks [illegible] I —
but suppose I shall be able to read a word,
but I went to try, as this the only way I
can enjoy it. [illegible] cut up
Then home & I went to the
Commons. [illegible] & we had tea & some
[illegible] which we found bright & merry &
then came [illegible] Horses, [illegible]
[illegible]. Then we went to [illegible]
[illegible] on [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] found a letter from [illegible] [illegible]

18th Feb: Saturday

As the Academy & Literature are so sensible as to wish me to write for them, I spent the morning in partly re-writing & polishing the "Plague of Essays" which will now do, I think. It takes me almost as long to a rewrite one page, as to write 4 fresh ones — & it is a job I hate — all niggling work, done with a cold brain. However I think I improved it in the end, & it is now ready. Out — as my orders are — & tramped along the Tottenham Court Rd. as usual, & bought a flame coloured azalea. Margery & Mrs Snow to lunch. Margery, I think, pleased & excited by my Easter scheme, so I hope it will come to pass. Mrs Snow somehow like a homely old housekeeper, with nice manners, being a "ladylike", as one would say, & something not quite the genuine thing. Out on top of a Bus with N. Proofs of Street music from Leo. So perhaps he means it for March. Photos at Cambridge.

stating all traces are a deep to
2 to write me to ask for them, 2 yard
morning, in reply to writing, yesterday
the [illegible] plaque on Saturday which would [illegible] to
2 think. I [illegible] take me almost [illegible] there
to a [illegible] [illegible] as to write it
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] yet [illegible] [illegible] enough
work done with [illegible] brown. [illegible]
2 think I understand it is the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] any [illegible] are
a [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] 2 think [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] with his [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

NYPL

19th Feb: Sunday.

Down late, as usual & legitimate on Sunday.
Then it was a real Spring day, so after
a little proof reading — & Leo prints badly —
I took Gurth & walked to Violets. Nessa
having come to Kitty. Violet in bed, & I
sat & talked, with egoism, I am afraid, of
my writing which I had brought in my
pouch — She sticks to it that Street Music
isnt good, & that Prague of Essays is much
better. This rather bothers me, as the Nat: will
be read, & possibly signed. However it cant be
helped, & Leo: according to Nessa says it's
just what he wants. Jack to luncheon,
after speaking to a large & enthusiastic
meeting in the North — The Politics in the
rough dont much interest me. & seem mostly
a waste of time & good English words. To
St Pauls after lunch; all gilt & speckled with
light & glittering mosaics, & very sweet boys voices.
Clara did not come; it showered —

NYPL

20th Feb: Monday.

Wrote, like the little Reuters devil I am, all the morning at my Times Review. This has to contrive to review two books without saying a word about them – as indeed they are the productions of a pair of scissors, & I am not a critic of dress making of this kind. Indeed these two dreary manes of little facts & dates, all so carefully sifted & accumulated have cast a gloom into my soul – However I pegged away at my review; as I am allowed 1500 words, of course they wont come – so I had to beat my brains a little. However I finished it in the course of the day, & made it fairly good I hope. Lord knows! – A very windy & snowy day – Talk of Spring! Nessa to lunch with Snow, & not back till late tea time. I sent my review off by 7 o'clock post, to reach tonight if possible. Now I have no work in hand, & I want to read a little Greek – Holiday back from Cambridge.

NYPL

21st Feb: Tuesday.

I tried to make out a little Spanish this morning; but as I have to look out every other word, & then piece together the meaning of the whole laboriously it cannot be said to be amusing. Then I read a bit of Aristotle the Poetics, which will fit me for a reviewer! This book, I tried to read at Florence, I remember – & couldn't! Out for a dash before lunch. A very windy day; a regular March wind which blows sunshine & then showers. In proof of this a black downy ball of feather off my hat alighted on the pavement & I had to pocket it. A proof of the Plague of Essays from the Academy came after lunch, so I am glad to say they will print it: it is better than the manuscript I'm afraid. Out to tea at Alexandra House, with Audrey Ffolkes – a nice fair plump & simple minded creature – but A.H. is a singularly dreary place – all these poor creatures on scanty meals. Straggling along to pass exams. Nelly here to dine with

NYPL

22nd Feb: Wednesday.

Read the Poetics all the morning – really
an excellent bit of literary criticism! –
laying down so simply & surely the rudiments
both of literature & of criticism. I always
feel surprised by subtlety in the ancients –
but Aristotle said the first & the last word
on this subject – in about 50 pages now.
Katharine Horner to lunch, who begins
to expand a little, & reveal her natural
depths, beneath the surface of polite
shy young lady. Off we went after lunch
on top of a Yellow Bus all the way
to Hampstead – my word the wind it blew,
& the sky frowned blue & brisk – & finally
we got inside. But we had to wander on
the blasted heath for ½ an hour before we
dared go in to Lanes – not in the least glad to
forbidding & fierce – strenuous game goers
see us, & it was a severely
So our visit was not a success. Home, &
found Mr Stephen K to tea. Adrian up: he
& I to Morley where N lectured – then they went to
& dined at Hobhouse

NYPL

23rd Feb: Thursday.

The family late & dissipated this morning after
last night: they stayed to the end, & were
not home till 2.30. Thoby's last words
being that he, at any rate, should leave early.
Adrian rushed back to Cambridge directly
after breakfast, as he had a lunch party,
& Nessa & I determined to have a holiday on
go off & see the Whistlers. The On the
way, we looked in at my friend John Davis
& I bought that long coveted & resisted coal
scuttle, all of beaten brass, & she bought
a great looking glass, as ~~taken~~ the Ruskin
giant for the Studio. This was extravagant. They ask to
So I must write another article. Using
the Whistlers. He is a perfect artist
his gifts to the utmost & with the finest
discretion, so that all his pictures are perfect
in their way – & sometimes it is a very noble
way. Oh Lord, the lucid colour – the harmony the
perfect scheme – this is what matters in life.
So cold we stayed indoors. At Meana, E. Coltman
Violet & Ly. Hylton to tea – Ly. H. a pretty aristocrat

NYPL

24th Feb: Friday.

Worked at Aristotle all the morning, who remains singularly interesting & not at all abstruse, & yet going to the root of the matter, as one feels, which somehow puzzles me. Nessa to Alexandra House, & if she wrote her diary the first thing she would have noted would have been the black damnable fog. I can vanquish the fog in London with a penny candle, & produce works of genius unhindered, whereas her day is at the mercy of the Sun. Out & bought fire irons of wrought iron, to match my fender which is a source of real joy to me. Also I bought that great looking glass which will just fill the space over my writing table, & liven up the room. Out after lunch with Gurth & walked all the way to the L.L. & back – bought James Thomsons poems on the way – also a & note book; etc. & got some of Renan, & so home. Gurth wears my life out – N. & A. out to Moorsoms. I put up my looking glass.

NYPL

25th Feb: Saturday.

Worked all the morning at Aristotle, which draws near an end. I must interrupt it though to write an article for Mrs L: as, in view of certain rather heavy expenses I must add to my quarterly cheque. A letter from Nel this morning which says that my note is "really beautiful" & he could write a page in praise of it. This I quote, because his is an opinion I value, & it gives me pleasure worth having. Nessa to lunch – as usual with Snow. Late in the day I discovered a Symphony Concert at the Queens Hall, & as my ear craved music I went – had to take a 5s. seat; & listened to a stiff, but on the whole interesting, programme. A long Domestic Symphony by R. Strauss, partly beautiful, partly unintelligible – at least to me on a first hearing. Bos to tea, or rather to play the pianola. Pernel Strachey in; [illegible] of her – whom I was glad to see. She is appointed to Newnham, so our chances of meeting will be few in future.

NYPL

26th Feb: Sunday.

of Sunday morning — a fact of which my unconscious body somehow realises so that I sleep a good hour later, till all the good Evangelicals opposite are on their knees. Sunday is the most melancholy day of the week — because I dont work I suppose. All the morning I frittered away on odd jobs. I had to look through a great quantity of books, as Rosamond wants some — & is welcome to them! — Gerald to lunch — very jovial & full of his "business". Tells me my Plague of Essays Article is out in the Academy, with Virginia Stephen signed in full, which seems rather indecent publicity. We went with him to call on the Fishers. saw Aunt Mary, Hervey, & Boo — somehow Mary very much like Fishers. Home, & the rain. I to to tea, valiantly through the liquid & mud, streets are running with it tonight — Thoby back from his hunting oh he has enjoyed —

26th Feb. Sunday

Sunday morning a fat breakfast [illegible]
only somehow [illegible] so that I slept a [illegible]
late, till after the first [illegible]
[illegible] are a [illegible] these [illegible]
not a [illegible] day in the week [illegible]
about work I suppose [illegible] the morning I
[illegible] away on [illegible] I had to [illegible]
through a great painting I saw a Raeburn
[illegible] done [illegible] welcome to them [illegible]
lunch — very jovial [illegible] had a [illegible]
[illegible] me my Raeburn [illegible] at [illegible]
the Academy with Virginia [illegible]
[illegible] which seem rather [illegible]
[illegible] went with him to [illegible]
[illegible] many [illegible] Done [illegible]
very much like pictures. Home [illegible]
to [illegible] through the [illegible] again. I
[illegible] evening [illegible] liquid [illegible] had
[illegible] back from the [illegible] thought
[illegible] to be improved

27th Feb: Monday

Wrote an article on the Value of Laughter for Mrs L: at least the greater part of it — I dont hurry, as I want to take a little more pains. Nessa to Alexandra House after lunch, & I took that Extraordinarily ubiquitous dog for a walk. He never leaves me now, but follows me up stairs & down, sits by my desk as I write, all because I may take him out in the afternoon — I walked him right along Oxford Street: Streets I do enjoy more than the dreary Regents Park — I like looking at things. Home — & bought the Academy, with what purposes to be my article in it; but my blood is on another's hands: name is changed, half is cut out, words are put in & altered, & this hotch potch signed Virginia Stephen — They might have asked me. Dine early & out to A-H. party, where they acted — a long entertainment.

NYPL

28th Feb: Tuesday.

Wrote another page to my value of Laughter which I finished; & then I read some history, which has taken to the analysis of words, & therefore dont interest me so much. Out for a dash as usual; after lunch I typewrote my Laughter, & then set forth to work hard at the party, which is now imminent. We had to order cups & saucers; then to travel all the way to Kensington to borrow Mary's silver kettle, then to buy many small extras, then to Siewerts & finally home for a late tea. Adrian, thank Goodness, can come – so we shall meet the invasion foursquare. After dinner I got my proof from the Times, printed word for word, so I only hope they wont cut out at the last moment. Also a cheque for £5 from Leo for my music, wh. seems ridiculous overpayment for barely two mornings work. If only it were better

NYPL

1st March.

~~1st~~ ~~March~~ : Wednesday.

Worked all the morning – or meant to work all the morning – at Aristotle, but at 12, Kitty came, & stayed an hour. discussing the party. Indeed the party became an anxiety about this hour; Adrian arrived & we went to lunch at the Austro Hungarian with him, as the servants must not be hurried. Then to Stewarts; then back home, & tackled the work of arranging the rooms, putting flowers in water &c. This went on till 5 when we struck work & went out to get tea – & more flowers. By 6.30 the preparations were made – the rooms as empty as a moonlit sky; & brilliant with light & sweet with flowers. We dined at the Hotel Russell with Jack & Veald where Nessa upset her coffee over her dress; however it was washed out. Then home & the party began with Violet large collection of ladies, & didn't stop till past 12. There were moments of difficulty, & garrulous but on the whole it was successful I think, & all went well.

29th [illegible] Wednesday

[illegible] at the [illegible] went
[illegible] the morning at [illegible] but [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible]
party [illegible] the party [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] at the [illegible]
[illegible] with him [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] them to [illegible]

NYPL

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] till [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] went out to [illegible] the
[illegible] [illegible] at 6.30 the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] till [illegible] There [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Thursday 2nd March

Finished my Aristotle Poetics this morning,
rather lazy after last nights debauch.
Adrian left, & I went out to meet
Nessa at Nelly's & lunch there —
Lunch over, Nelly drove us down in
her motor car to Violets where we
fetched Jack, & then on home. A terrible
stamping & screaming going on in the
Studio announced Rosamond who
was tumbling books out of the shelves,
& choosing Medical history. This
went on till tea time. She is singularly
unattractive, & her manner does not
become her great stupid body. Violet
& the clergymans wife to tea — who
was not — This is too indiscreet.
Thoby out to dine — Sidney Turner
& Strachey after dinner, & we
talked till 12.

NYPL

Began the Oedipus Tyrannus this morning
as a sequel to Aristotle. No books
to review, so I may as well spend it at
Greek for a bit. Nessa painting
Nelly who sits now in her own drawing
room by the window with a green curtain.
& Gurth at her feet. Miserably cold
days – & how I loathe the cold – it
makes one feel servile. Out after
lunch with Gurth to the L.L. where
I had to look out the dates of various
articles in the Fortnightly for Fred, &
found what I wanted. I took a cab
back with Gurth & had a wrangle
with the cabman who complained of
Gurths muddy paws. Wrote to
Fred a long letter after tea, telling
him not to print my note. Dine
with Thoby at Violets. Nessa at R.
A.C.S.: Then to St Loe Stracheys: where
we met a good many people we know.

NYPL

Worked at Sophocles all the morning, & found it easier. Out as usual; my morning walk takes me down the Tottenham Court Rd. now, which is far more interesting than the same space of Kensington High Street. There are old furniture shops, & in Oxford Street old book shops. Altogether Bloomsbury is a more interesting quarter than Kensington. The Times sent me Barham of Beltana Norris's new novel to review. It will be a very easy job, & I am glad that the Times shows signs of keeping me on to do reviews. Wi- 2-5 – met six working women on the steps of the National Gallery at 3, & took them laboriously through the Early Italians. What they think about how far pictures are intelligible to them – I dont know. It is hard work. Mary to tea – Bernal dine.

NYPL

Sunday 5th March

I missed my chance of a Sunday sleep, which is the most delightful part of Sunday – by idiotically mistaking 9-30 for 10-30, & leaping from my bed, a good 30 minutes before I need. I had a long discourse, at breakfast from T. who went down to Cambridge yesterday for the Greek voting. & there he found that the world was talking of a grand practical joke played by Adrian & 2 others on the Mayor of Cambridge. They pretended to be the Sultan of Zanzibar & party, & were solemnly driven to the Guildhall, welcomed by the Mayor in his chain of office, & shown the sights of Cambridge – while porters & Dons raised their hats. When they were shown the Queens statue they all solemnly bowed, as loyal natives. Then ~~to fox~~ instead of taking the London train they leapt into hansoms, drove in to the country, & changed. The whole story is in the Daily Mail, without names, & other papers beg for photographs. Greek is still Compulsory. Concert this afternoon – a dull & a rainy day. Finished my Norris novel

NYPL

Monday 6th March

Wrote my review for the Times; which as they only want 500 words is easy to do. Nothing whatever to be said about the book, so I confined myself to generalities. Then read Sophocles. Nessa lunched with Dolly. I went afterwards to the L.L. where I was told I had 14 books out — What these are, I cant conceive. I couldnt get what I wanted, which was a book about Greek myths to make a lecture out of for my working women — So I tried to get something second hand. I found a book by a man called St. Clair who tries to prove the truth of all the myths by astronomy; However I daresay I shall make out what I want. To tea with the Sidney Colvins; a pathetic old pair, somehow, To Ridleys squash after dinner, where people swarmed, & we talked till 12.

NYPL

Tuesday 7th. March

Worked at Sophocles all the morning, who is really not hard, & I have unearthed some gems. Mrs Egerton to lunch — who used to frighten me so at Hardwick. a plain rather stiff, but nice creature. with a great under lip, & a cleft chin. & Lady Louisa came in to fetch her. but roamed about the drawing room afterwards, & to Marshall & Snelgroves, I loathe. That Old what call they, an evening dress, is choose silk for Nessa adorned a coat & set by white clothes one necessary in skirt. However, moment comes this world — & at this to a note from old Henry Prinsep to ask us all to go off to a dance there this very night. Somehow, I had rather stay at home, but we must at any rate look in.

NYPL

Wednesday 8th March

Worked at my evening lecture, which is
on Greek myths this time – a subject
of which I know nothing. But they are
really beautiful, & I should like to try
& put them into English – not the
dry bones which are preserved in the
foreign little primer I bought. I
made the experiment of only writing
short notes, which I shall put into
words on the spur of the moment.
Directly I begin to read, their attention
wanders. Nessa out to lunch –
Nelly's portrait now nears a close.
Margaret sent round the new motor
this afternoon, & we took Violet
to pay a series of calls – we – of
course forgot our cards – To my
women, & managed the speaking all
right – it is certainly better than reading.
Home & found Bell, & we talked the nature of
good till almost one!

NYPL

Read my Sophocles, who nears an end.
at one, as I was getting ready to go out.
the great Millicent descended from a
fourwheeler, & settled in an arm chair,
prepared for conversation. We waited
till 1/4 to 2, when a telegram to my
dismay from Nessa said she would
lunch with Nelly. So I had to make
laborious excuses, & still more laborious
small talk till 3 when we went together
to the Aeolian Hall – a beautiful new
music Hall in Bond Street where Plunket
Greene was singing Ralph's songs. A
great gathering of Fishers naturally, but
I escaped afterwards, & walked home.
Two novels to review for the Guardian;
who will print my essay on Laughter –
Books always come upon me in a rush.
Dined with Violet.

NYPL

Finished my Oedipus Tyrannus which is a fine play. How I wish something would tear away the veil which still separates me from the Greeks — or is it inevitable? Margery to lunch, & she was painted by Nessa afterwards, & I went off, with teeth set, to buy a new coat — as I have to lunch out &c. & my old one is shabby. It happened as always: I reviewed twenty coats at Marshalls & Snelgroves & Debenhams against them on score of price: went to Peter Robinsons & took the first shown at a price quite ruinous, because I suddenly got bored. Nessa likes it. However it is a good coat — & if I wear, I shall also spend. A letter from Richmond to offer me his Sichels Catherine de Medici to review — column & a half — I told him I was not learned in Mediaeval French — which is strictly true! Booth tea
Sir Fred P. & Meg

NYPL

Wrote a most bothering little review of 300
words only upon Miss Barlows book — but
the 300 words wouldn't come – or came wrong –
& finally are not very good. But a
nondescript book like this, which really
suggests nothing good or bad, is d—d hard
work, & I would far rather write anything
else – q.e.d. indeed a dutiful letter.
off ours, in a storm of wind & rain. N. & I
went out to lunch with Ly. Alice Shaw
Stewart, really a delightful person, like a
tame & combed out Beatrice, but very full
of character, & even beauty. O. Dickinson
there – also Nicholes, the art critic, & Sir
Hugh. not an alarming lunch, & we got
on all right. Margaret fetched us in a
carriage & we drove to various places,
ending with a grand musical tea party
at Cousin Adeline where half the splendid
names in England passed before us – & at last to
some very queer figures. Home
our native Bloomsbury. Catherine Dr M. here, & walk
won't work.

[illegible] ... with ... [illegible] a very exciting
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... for [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] would come [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] really
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... nothing [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... would [illegible]
[illegible] ... Beautiful ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... Delightful ... really
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... wonderful ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... Bone to ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... good ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... where ... [illegible] ... Emperor
[illegible] ... named ... England ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... at ... Home ... [illegible]
[illegible] went away ... to ... Catherine ... Blessing ... making

Read all the morning – which on Sundays is
not a very long one — at my novel – Nancy
Stair – which I finished before I had to
dress & go out to lunch with the
Protheros. It was wild with wind &
rain &, to sum up – I swore. The
Bertram Russells, May Spring Rice & [illegible]
to lunch – which was to some extent
amusing. Home, & as the weather
was beautifully rough no one came to
tea. I read a good bit of Miss Sichel,
& tried to find out something about
France in the Reformation from other histories.
I find that she is not too learned; I
shall be able to criticise on general
grounds, & already some things occur to
me to say. She is a clever woman,
hunting for a style – but I can't correct
her facts –

NYPL

Wrote my review of Nancy Stair, which purports to be a true story with names, dates &c. Anyhow it dont read true — I hadnt much difficulty in writing a review — not that I once flowed my limits I shant waste words again! Nessa out to lunch, & so my day was rather solitary. Out to Hatchards to buy Stevenson & Pater — I want to study them — not to copy, I hope, but to see how the trick's done. Stevenson is a trick — but Pater something different & beyond. Eleanor Clough & Jack to tea. Eleanor is a great big Freshfield-Ritchie, but the combination is more than usually successful in her case. After dinner to the Freshfields, where a select company heard Tovey play. V. Ws. &c. Tovey rather a fine lean head, with bright eyes.

NYPL

Wrote this morning — not for any editor to see, which becomes a relief — I wanted to put down a few ideas about history, as I shall have to generalise on that theme in my Sichel review. But Traill came in at 12 & sat & talked so my morning came to an end. She is between cases, & at a loose end. At 2 Elena Rathbone to lunch, alone with me as Nessa out as usual. She ~~was~~ is a straight beautiful & creature, whom I always connect in my mind with some very beautiful Greek statues. Elena stayed late & we messed about printing her dry points. Aunt Minna & Violet came on top to complicate matters. Out for a dash. Then read my Sichel & wrote a letter or two. Another book from the Times! — a fat novel, I'm sorry to say — they pelt me now.

NYPL

Wrote all the morning at an article on Greek – the Plague Greek, I think I shall call it & send it to the Academy. I didn't finish it, but it amused me rather to do. Lunch early, & then to Alexandra Home. It was an impossible day: the sort of day that ought to be improved on altogether too barbaric for this age. I struggled out against wind & rain, to a necessary Tailor, fetched my & then home, & finished review book, & the problem are remaining to be solved — Dined with Cecil – took down Longfaced R. Smith, & it was fairly amusing.

NYPL

Started my Sichel review for the Times,
but it was heavy going. It is a
satirical fact that when I am allowed
½ a column I can always fill 2, &
when I ask to have a small space and I
like, I cant screw out words at any
price - So I laboured - & did two
pages, which isnt half what I must
do. It is hard work reviewing when
you dont know the subject. At
every step I stumble timidly, & withdraw,
& temper my expressions. So it
will be dull. Out with L. in the
afternoon; succumbed at Waters to
a wedding present for Miss Power.
Miss Malone to dine - a silent poor woman.
Sidney & Turner & Gerald after dinner - the
first of our Thursday evenings!

NYPL

Worked at the beastly review all the morning – & finished it, I suppose – but it's bad, I suppose, & I expect to have it thrown back in my hands. Lunch early, & Nena to Alexandra House. Another brutal mediaeval day: & again I had to go to my tailor's, & there I stayed a long time, as the man has much the same feeling about his tailoring as I have about my reviewing – only he seems to be more successful. We promised to go to tea with Elena, way down the other side of London, & I fetched Nena with that purpose, & our courage oozed & we came home to tea alone instead. & I got my review finished, & sent off, though I know I ought to rewrite it. Nena & Molly to the Sargers.

NYPL

very lazy all the morning, as the review
was done, & my head too stupid to tackle
fresh writing. So I read a bit of the
fat novel, Fortune of Farthings, which
I must review for the Times, but novels
dont take much brain, unless they are
Henry James indeed. I had to stop early
in order to travel all the way down
to lunch with Aunt Minna — where
was Evelyn Duckworth — somehow three
Duckworths are not of a distinguished type —
Afterwards I went round to Morleys, whom
I found at home, & we took a walk —
singular to say — in Kensington Gardens,
which seems to recall a very different age
& called on Clare, who was out, & so home.

All in to dine.

NYPL

Sunday 19th March

A day which would have done no discredit
to June; & besides it had all the freshness
of Spring. So to observe these things better
I took L. on a yellow bus, branded with
a red H. all the way to the top of the
steep Hampstead Rd. & then on to the
edge of the Heath, from which ~~H~~ we looked
into a land of green fields blue
distance, & cloudy trees. This did
refresh our eyes; & birds sang. here
as in the country, & it was pitiable
to have to turn our backs on such beauty,
& descend again into the black pit
of London — but we had to. I went
& heard Elgar conduct some of his music
at the Queens Hall; home & found
W. Darwin, Miss Pater & Mary at tea.
Margaret Lyttelton had been & gone —

NYPL

Worked at my Magic Greek article this morning, which wanted finishing. & finishing is what I hate. But I did it – typewrote it, & sent it to the Academy. It is a short column, I should think, so I trust they wont excise. Snow & Nessa very late for lunch; after which I went off to Hatchards to look vaguely for travelling books, but without success. Bought some strawberries 1/- a basket on the way home. I think this ought to be marked as a record! Violet to tea, & Nessa out to dine with the Booths. T. & I went off at 9.30 by the Gower St. underground to Gloucester Rd. & then we went to the Hilton Young dancing. which was very Dress clothes & respectable, & I was very disreputable! Home by 12.

NYPL

Worked all the morning at my rather lazy & hazy task of making notes for Wednesday evening. Greek history this time, for which I have to plough through Bury: trying to pick up a fact or two, not wholly dry. But as I doubt whether they know if Greeks or Romans 'come first' as the Lady said - I dont expect to make much impression! Jack before lunch, as I was going out: so we walked out together, & I most opportunely told me about passports, & he took me to Cook, & managed to secure forms, & witness my signature &c: so that is done. Snow to lunch: at 3 the motor came - took us to see Nelly's picture. Then I went to the tailor, & on to Sylvia Stebbing's workshop, where I had tea & then spent a long time in a bookshop. A quiet evening.

NYPL

Worked again at that interminable Greek history. This will be a dry lecture & no mistake! I did as much as I could – that is brought the beastly thing down to the Peloponnesian war – & then I thought I might without discredit stop. After lunch – & Jack by the way came to lunch – I went out to Heather to buy a hat for the voyage – which I did in my usual haphazard fashion – the woman persisting that I should need shades in South Africa! Then to Bumpus, where I really found some nice little books fit for the pocket, & yet good to read. Home, & finished the novel which I am reading for the Times. Cut to my profs, who are in a new room tonight, & were, I think, rather bored by my history & dull maps. I said goodbye to them, & they beg me to lecture steadily at English history next term "from the beginning".

NYPL

Wrote my review of ~~Northwicks Hall~~ of Northings this morning. a dull long-winded book, incredibly sentimental - all of which had to be watered down for the Times. Finished this, & typewrote it out; & then wrote a little for my own amusement. Adrian turned up for lunch, & we heard the true history of the Sultan of Zanzibar from his own mouth. He is still apparently rather nervous as the Mayor has set detectives to watch. Went to Pidall in the afternoon, where I was kept waiting. Had my tooth stopped, out of those visits, & it hurt rather. Then on to Violet, who is in bed - her cook just gone to the Hospital with appendicitis - altogether a lively state of things. Nine people come to our evening & stayed till 1.

NYPL

A very lazy morning. But Adrian was up, & Nessa was in a state of great misery, awaiting Mr. Tonks. So I sat in the Studio, & tried to comfort — & did no work whatever. At one Tonks came, a great raw boned man, with a cold bony face, prominent eyes, & a look of mingled severity & boredom. He trained for a doctor & has more the look of a capable surgeon than of an artist. We talked valiantly, but it was not easy work. He then reviewed the pictures, with a good deal of criticism apparently, but also some praise. But on various jobs which I must get done before we sail. At 10 - 30 N. & T. dined with Mrs. Flower. I fetched them, & we went on to Susans evening party, where I talked to Mis G. Lushington, Helen, Miss Malone &c.

NYPL

A very lazy morning. But Adrian was up, & Nessa was in a state of great misery, awaiting Mr. Tonks. So I sat in the Studio, & tried to comfort & did no work whatever. At one Tonks came, a great raw boned man, with a cold bony face, prominent eyes, & a look of mingled severity & boredom. He trained for a doctor & has more the look of a capable surgeon than of an artist. We talked valiantly, but it was not easy work. He then reviewed the pictures, with a good deal of criticism apparently, but also some praise. But on various jobs which I must get done before we sail. At 10 - 30 N. & T. dined with Mrs. Flower. I fetched them, & we went on to Susans evening party, where I talked to Sir G. Darlington, Helen, Miss Malone &c.

NYPL

Wrote at a kind of sketch of my Morley College proceedings, to amuse myself — & possibly this may be of interest in future terms — so that I may see how I started, & which profs came. N. out to lunch with Snow: & T. & I lunched early as he had to get to Wimbledon as a volunteer. I ~~boo~~ bought what is called an 'attaché' case — a light thin case, which will just hold my book & writing paper, & can lie on my knee in the carriage. To the L.L. where I met Mr. Lyttelton who asked me to write him articles about my 'personal experiences' in Spain; which I suppose I must do. The Academy sent back my Magic Greek — which entertained them very much but is "too uncompromisingly opposed to their point of view" to be printed. Rather a bore, but I was amused all the same.

NYPL

Made a paper book this morning for
my Spanish Diary. by means of which
I hope to pay some at least of my travelling
Expenses. It is a great Dr. point of view —
but all the same rather a nice little bit
of writing might be made out of the sea
& land. Read some of my Spanish
history which seems to be consistently
disreputable — Snow & Gerald to lunch
sending in day for the R.A. imminent
& Tonks' criticisms have to be corrected
such an annual crisis, I suppose.
Cut to my weekly concert — a surprisingly
empty hall, in spite of a good
Beethoven — I suppose the fine day
is better to many people than fine music.
Mary & George to tea.

NYPL

A wretched wet morning & house, & I have to spend it in the occupation of all others that I hate - shopping. But so it was, & I scrambled through the mud & had to buy what are called blouses: My room begins to assume the familiar aspect of a city in a state of siege - & I walk guardedly among corpses & all kinds of litter. Work has out of the question, so I suppose my Easter holiday has begun - & the plan which A. & I made one September day at Tersal is really to be carried out. Snow to lunch - I had George motor, & went to various places - got £25 among other things for the journey. Mary to dine, & to a concert with her — wh. should have been Richter but wasn't

N. T. out.

NYPL

To day, of course, wholly given over to packing, really. The problem, as usual, is that of books - what to take, & how to find room - especially as my little case is to hold all, also writing materials. One dress box is all my other luggage. I have taken: Borrows ~~[illegible]~~ Bible in Spain: Bs. Gypsies of Spain - The House of the Seven Gables - The Scarlet Letter. Richard Feverel - Baedecker. Spanish grammar - 1st. vol. Greens Conquest of England. I shall try to find room for another book a ~~two in~~ my box, as I know these will come to an end. Having now ascertained that Maud has room for an indefinite number of extra books, I am more happy in my mind. I went to the Ld. to try for books, but without success - then to tea with Violet. Goodbye to her, & home, to finish packing. And now this little book must find a corner, for it is to come too - & I wonder what I shall write next!

NYPL

Wednesday 29th March

our start was early, so we had to rush our last packing after breakfast - indeed we left before my last blouse came home, & only had about 5 minutes for train. Gerald met us at Euston - & there we left at 10.45. reached Liverpool about 2.30 - where a & went in a Bus to the pier, where a great many people were walking up & down, seeing good byes, & preparing to go. A huge steamer, the Oceanic 2nd largest afloat was black with passengers, just leaving for America. The Anselm came alongside in time, & we embarked. It is all white & clean & luxurious; we each have a cabin to ourself, in wh. I am writing on my knees, & the sea is hissing to us: but we walked on the deck & saw all the lights along the coast of Wales, & steamers passing, & our own foam spread like white lace on the dark waters - a very lovely thing is a ship at sea

NYPL

A singular day, among the days that I have so far recorded. Woke to find it a bright blue day, the sun glittering on the waters. We went on deck; got ourselves chairs, & settled down to watch the coast of England ~~passing before us~~ unrolling itself before us. We saw the Lands End near — & thought how strange it was to see it thus again, from the deck of a steamer. In the afternoon we passed the Lizard which is the last English land we shall see, & now we are standing away across the Channel, toward Havre, where we anchor tomorrow. I read a certain amount, & long to sleep. & then we take a turn, & the old gentlemen tell their old stories, & sure we laugh a great deal & so on —

NYPL

This morning again fine, & perhaps even calmer. Again we sat on deck — as though, A. said, we had died & were gone to live with the blessed. For ~~the~~ moment one can imagine no more blessed existence than this — stretched in the sun, & passing slowly ~~thro~~ through the waters. Shovel board, however, interrupted our paradise, got up by a gentleman who strikes one full face, as a single nose. He is a typical Jew, & initiates everything, & is & friends with every one. I read most of the day, & shall finish my Borrow. The Ship's library, I find, is stored in a certain chest which stands in the dining room, & is useful as a kind of side board. The key to this is lost! Arrived at Havre where we anchored & went on shore.

NYPL

This morning we breakfasted just before 7, & caught the 8 train to Rouen. With us – or we with them – went the Lloyds & Mr. Booth, & we reached Rouen at 9.30 there. There we saw three great Churches, a forest, & a burial ground. Perhaps, in a sentimental way, the most touching thing there is the little corner – of the meat market! – where Jeanne d'Arc was burnt. The attack the place where she suffered are marked & commemorated; but the statues of her are all worthless & insignificant. We lunched there, & came home at 5.30 – A great many new passengers have boarded, & we start tomorrow again, for which I shall be glad. Travelling fills me with restlessness. I want to see the next place

97

[illegible] morning we breakfasted just before 7,
caught the [illegible] train to Rome. [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] dark & we reached Rome at 9. [illegible]
[illegible] There we drove [illegible]
[illegible] found a [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] 7.30
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

By nine this morning we were gliding out of the Havre docks, & were soon out to sea — but before long the engines slowly ceased beating, & the ship came to a dead stop. This lasted a good two hours, & all through the day the [illegible] the ship's progress ha been interrupted some part of the machinery gets too hot, apparently, & we have talked of nothing else all day. It is a bore, as a wait here means that we shant get to Oporto early. This partly makes us determine to take train from Oporto to Lisbon, which will save two days perhaps. However this plan is not settled. In the evening a grand concert was given, when several new artists appeared; it is amusing to watch them, though hardly pleasant always to listen. A fine smooth day, & we pass on without movement.

NYPL

We steamed a certain way this morning; & then our engines gave out again, & for four hours I suppose we rocked & drifted out of sight of land, & very much bored. There is a certain Professor Lee on board, who is something like Sully & CB mixed, & diluted, & this dose is inflicted on me, over & over again till I suffer from acute boredom. Books are no protection; he thinks his conversation must be preferable. At night now we sit on deck instead of absorbing the music of the Jews. At night we passed Ushant, & saw many lights along the coast.

NYPL

Tuesday 4th April. 95

In the Bay of Biscay - through which we ploughed all day, out of sight of land. It was a little rough, but nothing to keep up its reputation. Really the dullest day so far, I think; as the people are maddening with their perpetual noise, & the Bore is worse. However we had a fine sunset in the evening, & saw a few porpoises in the distance, & a great many globes of Jelly fish just beneath the water of all colours. Lay out till 10 on the roof of the Engine house, in a large life belt.

NYPL

We woke to see the coast of Spain - a very fine coast, romantic heroic, like a very aquiline nose. We passed along it all day, quite close, so that we could see houses & streams. To our joy the Captain said he expected to reach Oporto in the afternoon, & being a man of his word, he did - & at once we were surrounded by boats & officials. Leshoes (that is how you pronounce it) is a red roofed, southern looking town, flashing in the evening sun, behind which there is a steep bank with feathery trees. But we could not land, so this impression is fragmentary. We began at once to take on the cargo on board, which consists for the most part of paving stones for Manaos harbour. & tho' they are going to work all night - our last noise is already sufficient. Our last night on board - & I must pack for an early start tomorrow

NYPL

We landed this morning & went through the usual Custom house bothers. Women acted as porters – a touch of the East. Then we took the tram a long ride to Porto (Oporto) in a broiling sun – & with an English August sun – the town & great difficulty tracked the town & found the Booth Agent who could tell us nothing about our ship. Lunch at the Hotel, with a drove of Tourists. Then with the Lloyds to see over the "Lodge" of one of the great port wine merchants, which was a cool scented place – then took train to Lisbon, A. & I alone for the first time, & reached it at 10.30 & finally got word at the Hotel Borges

NYPL

A really delightful day - the town is spacious & brilliantly white & clean, every street almost with its swift electric tram, which makes sight seeing a delight. We found our way about easily, by this means, & soon got our bearings. We had to see Mr. Dawson the Agent, & he promised us berths on the Madeirense - so that is a mercy. In the afternoon we went up to the English Cemetery, on a hill - by the gardens. This is a most lovely place, sweet with flowers, so hot & shady & green that we stayed there a long time. We let loose a caged bird that was singing by Fielding's tomb - a from act!

train by night to Seville

NYPL

The night was more comfortable than I expected. We did not undress, but lay on a kind of sofa, with a pillow, which was quite soft.

All day we travelled: arriving at Badajos – the Spanish frontier at 5. & so through Estremadura, & Andalusia – splendid names! but the country is not beautiful for the most part flat, & treeless, & the sun was hot. The train stopped at every village on the way. In the afternoon we came to a milder & more interesting country, & with very few roads or houses, & fruit [illegible]. At 8.30 we reached Seville, drove to Hotel Roma, had a steaming dinner & to bed.

NYPL

We began to explore Seville this morning. First to the Cathedral, which looms everywhere. It is vast. That is the first impression - I don't very much care for such elephantine beauty - but it is fine. Service was going on - so one could not see much. In the afternoon we took a carriage & drove for an hour in the gardens which are lovely, though somewhat faded & out of repair, like everything else. The streets are very narrow, cobbled, with no pavement to walk on. Women had a difficult & not easy to let. It is difficult to find one's way about in town. We went to the great hospital & saw the yellow city walls, which partly enclose the city.

NYPL

woke this morning under my mosquito
curtains - which the heat merely laughs at -
to find, firstly the maid carrying on a
long & emphatic speech in Spanish - & 2ndly
a rain of pure English blood pouring outside.
(That sentence by the way may be read 2 ways -
but we do not live in the time of the Inquisition)
Out is a clear space to the Giralda, which
is the Cathedral Tower, from which we
gazed over Seville; a small town it looks
from that height, soon dwindling off into
fields. White houses with brown roofs
for the most part. The rain was such that
we sat a long time in the Cathedral - which
is not really beautiful, though certainly
impressive - in the same way that a steep
cliff or a bottomless rock is. In the afternoon
we 'did' the Alcazar, a splendid bit of
mosaic Moorish building - a style again which
does not charm me.

NYPL

A showery morning again, but not so bad, it turned out, as yesterday. We went out & bought photographs - our solitary extravagance, & then saw the Church of the Caridad, which was not very interesting. The most interesting part of Seville is its streets. After lunch we took a cab & drove to the Casa Pilatos, as it was raining. There are courtyards leading to courtyards, all of white marble - simpler & more stately than the Alcazar. Also a great many dark long rooms, round the courtyard, lined with beautiful tiles, cool & hushed. Then we bought a spirit lamp with great skill, & various necessaries for our 2 meals in the train tomorrow. I shant be sorry to move on, though I have enjoyed this.

NYPL

At 7 happily I woke, & we dressed for 7.30 breakfast, & without much regret left the hotel at 8. We travelled all day long, & changed twice. We had to indulge in things called Berlines - coupés for 2, as all the 1sts were crowded. But on the whole the journey was more comfortable than last time. We got finally to a wild hilly region - the Sierra Nevada's in the midst of which ~~the~~ Granada is set. Here, at 8 . 15 we arrived & were driven by 4 mules to the top of the high hill on which the Washington Irving stands. There we happily found rooms - dined & talked.

NYPL

out as usual this morning to explore. We find ourselves in the greenest shade, as of great English trees, filtering of Southern sun. We are right above the town, but the Alhambra & the gardens of the Generalife are across the road. Unhappily, owing to some red tape, we had to tramp all the way to the town to get cards of admission, which took some time. The gardens are worth a good deal. They are very hot & fragrant, all in little inlaid terraces like an Italian Garden, with cool summer houses, where one may rest & look over the city to the snow mountains beyond. In the afternoon we were taken over the Alhambra by the guide, a gorgeous Moorish palace within battered yellow walls.

NYPL

This morning we 'did' the Town—
which mainly consists of the Cathedral—
a dark & florid building, very ornate
containing only one thing that interested
me—the tomb of Ferdinand & Isabella.
In the afternoon we & meant to
allow ourselves the luxury of buying
25 peseta's worth of Granada ware.
I bought 2 lace sleeves, & finally
after long bargaining an old Spanish
gilt frame for Nessa—Really it
wasn't dear, & I like it. But
Granada is not tempting in this way—
at least ~~I do~~ we didn't find the right
shop—perhaps. After dinner A. & I
with two people—father & daughter who
have made friends with us—went up to
a coast of the Alhambra & saw the
gipseys dance—

NYPL

Rather a lazy morning, but we have paid our respects to most things here, & can afford to be idle this last day. Indeed, you cant spend time better than in idling in the garden here – leaning over the sunny old wall, & looking down in to that strange large view beneath. After lunch we went down the hill to the Post office, where to my disappointment there were no letters, so we must leave Granada without news, & now shall hardly ~~get~~ hear again. After dinner the usual accounts – Pack bill, wh– is not extravagant. & now to bed, once more which I loathe, & it is we begin our return journey to morrow.

NYPL

Rather a lazy morning, but we have paid our respects to most things here, & can afford to be idle this last day. Indeed, you can't spend time better than in idling in the garden here - leaning over the sunny old wall, & looking down in to that strange large view beneath. After lunch we went down the hill to the Post office, where to my disappointment there were no letters, so we must leave Granada without news, & now shall hardly ~~get~~ hear again. After dinner the usual accounts - & Pack bill, wh - is not extravagant. Pack once more, which I loathe, & now to bed, as we begin our return journey at 6 tomorrow.

NYPL

At 6.30 this morning ~~we~~ we breakfasted, & at 7 left in the Bus. We had a long tiresome journey, as usual, changing ~~&c~~; at 9. we arrived at a place called Amorhen, where we were to sleep. There being, we were told, a 'good second class hotel'. Making all allowance for Spanish hotels as we did, we were not prepared for a little white cottage, a kind of public house, by the side of a desert & a Moorish castle, where we had to spend the night. There was one room, so we lay in our clothes on the bed, & managed to sleep a little till 5.30 when we had to pay 3 pesetas. & our train started at 6.

NYPL

We travelled till 12.30, & then stopped
at Badajos - where we had to
wait 6 hours - a very dreary time,
as we were sleepy & miserable - the
town hot & dirty, & we had nothing to
do. We tried to find something
to look at, & listened to a comic
performance in the Cathedral, which it
likened to the singing of old country
songs by half tipsey farmers. The
Cathedral might perhaps be fine, but
they have defaced it with glass.
We happily left
at 7. & so we
Badajos, got an empty first
class, which took us without
change to Lisbon. We eat some
hardboiled eggs & slept fairly well
stretched on the ~~street~~ seats

NYPL

We were woken by Porter at Lisbon,
rather to our confusion – so we had to
put on our shoes, & scramble out, it
being then about 5.30. a cold
drizzly morning too, & the usual
wait & bother about luggage. We
came to the Central Hotel, where we
had baths – which were badly wanted –
ladies, & at 8 some breakfast. The
Lloyds came in, & the whole Anselm
party are staying here. The Madeira
is late, of course, & wont start till
Thursday – which is a dreadful bore, &
means that we shall just have too
little money to get home with. I
have written to Sophie for some. Mr. Dawson
& Miss Dawson came round, & took
us sightseeing all the afternoon. In the
evening we went to the Play, & to bed at last.

NYPL

Tuesday 18th April

We were woken by Porter at Lisbon,
rather to our confusion - so we had to
put on our shoes, & scramble out, it
being then about 5.30. a cold
drizzly morning too, & the usual
wait & bother about luggage. We
came to the Central Hotel, where we
had baths - which were badly wanted -
tidied, & at 8 some breakfast. The
Lloyds came in, & the whole Anselm
party are staying here. The Madeira so
is late, of course, & wont start till
Thursday - which is a dreadful bore, & too
means that we shall just have
little money to get home with. I
have written to Sophie for some. Mrs. Dawson
& Miss Dawson came round, & took
us sightseeing all the afternoon. In the
evening we went to the Play
, & to bed at last.

NYPL

A lazy day, as it had a right to be. The Lloyds were out sight seeing, & we had satisfied our consciences. A walk to the Post Office, unfruitful, was enough for the morning — & a lazy tram drive which landed us at the top of the Avenida took up the afternoon. It was rather a wet day, as Mrs. Danson said was likely in Lisbon — two hot days, & then rain.

A dull evening, & to bed.

NYPL

Thursday 20th April

A morning spent indoors. We packed, & made ready for the boat; & felt quite prepared to leave Lisbon, & ready for England again. At 4 the whole party collected in the Black horse square, which is the finest square in Lisbon, vast, empty, save for an old statue a horseback, which time has stained green. A boat took us a mile up the river to the Madeirense, which we found to be a dreadfully small boat: I had a room to myself — A. had to share. We started at once, & the sea was rough, & the boat rolled, & we were frightfully ill!

NYPL

Friday 21st April

of monotonous sea day. a little
spoilt by our now haunting fear
of sea sickness, which however did
not return. We are not to
stop anywhere, but make straight
for Liverpool, which we reach late
on ~~Saturday~~ Sunday — too late to land — another
delay. The party on board
is very sea sick. & dispersed. The
weather cold, & the quarters not
over comfortable & especially
infected with smell. We
passed through the Bay of Biscay,
& at last began to pass. &
lost sight of Spanish land. I think
my dates are wrong.

NYPL

Sailed all day rather more cheerfully in the Bay. which was calm again however, & we did not suffer.

The voyage is monotonous, when you have once gone through it - however there is no reason to complain.

The party more vigorous, & a grand concert at night.

NYPL

been last day. Woke somewhere near Pembrokeshire, & saw a lighthouse, & then a long reach of land.

All day we were in sight of the Welsh Coast, which was familiar looking. & interesting towards evening we passed many lighthouses. & much discussion as usual, as to our whereabouts. Took on a pilot at 8 who is to take us to Liverpool. Some where about 10.30 or 11 we entered dock & anchored.

NYPL

Breakfast at 8, & every one eager to get on board & catch trains home. No letter with money. So I had to borrow £1. 10 from the Lloyds, which just saw us through. We got the 9.40 train, crowded, & terribly late, however we reached Euston at 3 & went home in a few minutes, which was as usual, a thing worth travelling for. Reesa there – a good lunch – letters &c. & much talk. Toby at Camp at Dover – a cold rather rainy day.

So our journey is over, but it was a good journey.

NYPL

A delicious night in a spacious & clean & stationary bed, & comfortable dressing – not to speak of a bath – all of which one appreciates after Spain. A letter by the way, to return as I must do with a response, to journalese, from Bruce Richmond, with the unfortunate Sichel review which has been hanging like a stone round my neck, & haunting my nights. It is not "academic" enough – sorry he misled me – an excellent article, but a professed historian is needed – to which I cordially agree, & Sichel goes to the waste paper basket!

Out in the glimmer, shopping in the familiar scene. Charles & Boo to tea & stayed late –

NYPL

Began work of a kind - an effort to
fix some kind of sketch of our
journey for Mrs L. but as
usual the thing won't come - & after
struggling 2 hours, I produced one
scarce page which has nothing to do
with the subject - I can only hope
for better luck next time. In
the afternoon I changed a few pesetas
& francs for still fewer silver shillings,
wandered aimlessly with N. home
at 4.30 for Ted who had much
of great interest to say. He is to
send his MS. & I am to type write it.
Pass book, & my balance better than
expected, so I paid some bills!

NYPL

Thursday 27th April 118

A morning devoted to art! – happily successfully. I went off after breakfast to the New Gallery which might or might not have hung the Nelly picture – to my great relief found it in the Catalogue, & saw it hung fairly in the Gallery, which is quite a cheerful beginning. Dashed home, & general rejoicing of a mild description. Went in the afternoon with A. & N (most unwilling) to the show again – a Sargent &c: but not a striking lot. Bruce Richmond sends me 3 books about Spain to review! – as I said I had come back from Spain. a general article wanted, wh. means I suppose that I can be as silly & amateurish as I like – but I earn money anyhow.

NYPL

Friday 28th April

Worked again at my Spanish Sketch — which won't resolve itself into words — however I did a page or two, & I suppose that will make one article — & I try to take pains & be sincere, & type write paragraph by paragraph so as to get the hang of the thing. After lunch N. & I to Beatrice at Manchester Sq: we saw her for an hour & a half — unchanged, save that Egypt dyes her more tawny, & she is a little more dishevelled than ever, it seems. We smoked cigarettes! — Home — Both Thoby & Adrian left after dinner — Adrian for Cambridge & Thoby for St Ives! — a journey which makes one jump.

NYPL

Saturday 29th April

Wrote again at the Spanish sketch –
a fresh one this time, which goes
a little better. Jack to lunch,
& after that I at last got down
to the L.L. & changed some books.
I must now solidly drudge through
the beginnings of English history,
& with this purpose I have got
Freeman & more Green, but Green
for some reason runs off my mind
like water.

C.B. to tea – a nice garrulous
old man, with his odd information
oozing out – rather pouring bucketfuls
, so that we sit & are pounded
into. Nessa's first commission from
a Mrs Seton to paint one or both of her
children came after tea.

NYPL

Sunday 30th April.

April has a real title to its name – a cryptic sentence, which I am too lazy to unknot. Anyhow it rained, & there was fine – A. & I sat in the drawing room for 3 hours, & discussed the ethics of suicide! a cheerful theme which the thought of Fardell naturally suggests to my mind. Gerald to lunch, & afterwards I went to my familiar concert where we had the Pathetic, a little hereabouts now, to our emotions being volatile. Home, & Fardell to tea, whom I escaped – Jack to dinner.

NYPL

Monday 1st May.

Wrote again very laboriously at my Spanish job. Snow to lunch & to visit at half hour Academy pictures.

Out with Garth to get various things. Garth disgraced me by barking in the shop - which sounded like a Lion roaring in a Cave.

Read . but going history, & some more of the Spanish twaddle - How I wish I could be brief & frank in my knights, instead of having to spin them out so elaborately.

Dined with Beatrice.

NYPL

Tuesday 2nd May

Worked again at Spain; Granada this time, but they are dry bones to preserve.

To the R.A. with N. after lunch, which is an Exhibition — that is true. The only pictures Sargents & the one Furse, & the Furse is better than the Sargents to my thinking.

History & type writing as usual.

delighted

NYPL

Worked at my Spanish stuff, & finished Granada, & so the three dry little sketches are done, but whether they have any conceivable use, even as wage earners, remains to be seen.

After lunch Violet appeared, & we went with her to the New Gallery where we again confronted the portrait in the balcony. Then to the R.A – that painted desert, where again the only thing that shone out was the Furse. Sargent gets blasé. Home, & Nelly to tea, & she & Violet left in her motor car. History. & Dub review books. Thoby back from St Ives at 8 – & much delighted

NYPL

Thursday 4th May

Wrote at a fourth & final sketch, Granada this time.
Out after lunch with Garth to get tickets for the Joachim concert at the Bechstein Hall, where Garth accompanied a Lalai song with a voluntary bass of his own composition & I had to remove him in haste.
Sylvia Milman to lunch, by the way.

No one yet to our Thursdays, which have not really begun.

NYPL

Friday 5th May

Wrote a thing possibly for the Academy about the Protestant Cemetery at Lisbon – my last bit of 'Copy' – after which I shall settle to sober reviewing. – English history.
Nena off for the day to a Cottage near Reading which Kelly & Leo have taken for a fortnight. – & missed her train both ways, & only got back for a late dinner. So I went to the Fishers, dutifully, & had a long solitary talk with Aunt Mary.

NYPL

Saturday 6th Ma…

Finished my Fielding, & put finishing touches to the other wretched things, which are very bad, & I am doubtful whether to send them.

Went to Tonks' show with L. but found it had not begun, so to the L.L. where we sat & read Magazines for some time.

Home – & no one to tea. So I all but finished the 3rd of my Spanish review books, which is a mercy – so next week I shall write that.

NYPL

Sunday 7th May

A holiday morning expedition to Hampstead, which, like the Cockney I am, still manages to delight me – There is something fantastic – & make phantom like – about this little vision of Country in the heart of London

To a Duke, & Empty concert after lunch.

Bill to dinner

NYPL

Monday 8th May

Worked all the morning at the review of the Spanish books for the Times; over which as usual I groan & struggle. But I can write without an evil conscience this kind.

After lunch all the way down to the Milmans, where we renewed acquaintance with Maud, after many years, in what she has grown into a pretty young Lady.

To dine with Adrian at the Roberts Cecils & then to the play with Ld. Robert & Beatrice.

NYPL

Tuesday 9th May

Finished after a fashion my Spanish book review this morning, which is dull reading, I think, though virtuous.

Adrian & Snow to lunch.

After lunch Violet came, & I sat with her in the Square Garden, for some time.

A[?]. Minna to tea —

Adrian back to Cambridge after dinner, having eaten 2 dinners.

Mrs Lyttelton sent me Miss Robins new book to review.

NYPL

Wednesday 10th May

Began work on my English History lectures for my working women. I have read Green, & Freeman's first volume, with copious notes: & I now boil them down, into something as readable as I can make it. It amuses me, as English History always does, & Freeman is a good manly writer with no nonsense about him.

P.M. – something dull – a walk.

Meg Booth dine & to a Concert for which I had bought the wrong tickets. To my working women – 3 this time

NYPL

Thursday 11th May

Worked at History again.

P.M: Out to walk further & met George in a carriage & pair. who asked me to call on Margaret, but she was asleep.

home.

Our evening: Gay, Bell, D. Mc. Carthy & Gerald – who shocked the Cultured.

Friday 12th May.

As it must be confessed that I write this on the 27th May, it is useless to pretend that I can record what happened on the 12th. I suppose I may safely say that I wrote something probably touching up Spanish Sketches in the morning – x went out in the afternoon.

NYPL

Saturday 13th. May

So ominous a silence means — what I recognised before, that my Diary sinks into a premature grave. It is a hopeless attempt: writing an extra page every day, when I write so many of necessity bores me, & the story is dull.

NYPL

Wednesday 31st May

We will solemnly renounce this diary, now that we come to an end of the month, & find, happily that the book provides no more pages – for they would assuredly be left blank.

Such an exercise can only be fulfilled when it is voluntary, & words come spontaneously. The directly writing is a task – why, one asks, should one inflict oneself thus? The good is nullified. But there is no need of such reflections. All but six months find some sort of ~~reflection~~ mirror of themselves here; & if ~~thus~~ the sight is one that profits or pleases.

Freemans History of the Norman Conquest
vol. 5.

England alone has a Chronicle for 700 yrs this & Domesdaybook the great authorities for Early Eng. Hist. The great object of D: was to see that the Danegeld was paid – laid on wh in the Danish invasion 2 yrs before. also W. wished to know exactly how he had portioned out land among Ns. & Eng. D: 1st statistical document of modern Europe cf. Booth. Life & Labour "a word of a map & picture of England" W's conquest.

NOTES.

Hotels at Madrid.

1. Hotel de Rome. Mess Votti & Co.
 9/to 12 a day

2. Hotel de la Paix - J. Capdevielle.
 9/to 14

3. English Pension Hotel Miss Briggs
 Calles Mayor 92.

Train from Lisbon to Madrid leaves the Rocio Station Lisbon 11-5 a.m.
 arrives Madrid 8.30 next morning

fares. first class	single	2.11
	return	3.8
second	single	1.10
"	return	2.7.

Passports advisable though not strictly necessary.

Number of words in a foolscap typewritten sh 450

" page of my MS. book. ~~325~~ 400.

5. Clarendon Terrace
Kemp Town
Brighton.

The Academy.

2 column 5–7. Southampton Street
Strand. W.C.

NYPL

Column.

	10s
1	
	10
1	
1.	10
	10
	10
	15
1.	10
	10

5

8

WORK DONE

Before Xmas. 1904

Haworth
Review:
✓ Royal Longfrith
Arrows of Fortune
✓ Next door Neighbours
✓ Feminine Fiction
✓ On a Faithful friend
~~Boswell as Letter Writer~~

} Guardian

1905

Christchurch
Note for Fred
Review New Forest.
✓ Woman in America (800)
✓ A Belle of the Fifties (1000 words)
✓ The Golden Bowl. Henry James. (800)
✓ Street Music (National Review)
✓ The Plague of Essays. (Academy)
✓ Dickens Country
✓ Thackeray Country } Times
Value of Laughter
✓ Boy Beach & Boy Land.
✓ Nancy Stair. —

Barham of Beltana. W.E. Norris.

~~Catherine di Medici. Edith Sichel~~

Fortunes of Farthings.

Magic Greek.

NYPL

Books 1905.

Jan:

✓ Life of William Morris
✓ Paters Renaissance
✓ Layards Nineveh
Thorpes Northern Mythology.
✓ Traills Social England
Galtons Heredity
✓ Greens Townlife in 15th Cent:
✓ Oxford History of Music
Dixons (Canon) works.
✓ W. Morris'es Early works.
✓ Defence of Guenevere.
✓ Freemans works. on Towns, Architecture
Mackails Latin Literature.
V. History of Indian Mutiny
✓ Jefferies; "After London"
✓ Life of Stonewall Jackson. Henderson.

Feb.

30) 170 (5
150
20

Sotheby via Feldman 10/7/65

NOTES.

Hotels at Madrid.

1. Hotel de Rome. Mess Votti & Co.
9/to 12 a day
2. Hotel de la Paix – J. Capdevielle.
3. English Pension Hotel. Miss Briggs 9/to 14
Calles Mayor 92.

Train from Lisbon to Madrid leaves the
Rocio Station Lisbon 11–5 a.m.
arrives Madrid 8.30 next morning

fares. first class single £2.11
return 3.8
Second single 1.10
" return 2.7.

Passports advisable though not strictly
necessary.

Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest
vol. 5.

England alone has a Chronicle for 700 years this & Domesday book the great authorities for Early Eng. Hist. The great object of D: was to see that the Danegeld was paid — laid on us in the Danish invasions 2 years before. Also W. wished to know exactly how he had portioned out land among his Ns. & Eng. D: 1st statistical document of modern Europe. Cf. Booth. Life & Labour "a map & picture of England" a record of W's confiscations.

Chap. 22. P. 653.

We owe our national unity to Norman conquest. only had correct the mixture of tongues. character of W. Rufus 72 affection for his father. occur plunder his father's treasures.

W. gladly accepted 75

revolt of the Norman in favour of Robert. disadvantages of being separated w. Normandy. Rebellion odo leader.

suppressed by English

W. a great fighter we Archelaus

Schemes of foreign conquest. war in Normandy, Brittany.

Robert weakness. Leaders

W. brother Norman

79. By the help of Eng. W. was safe upon his throne. 1088 last struggle between 2 races.

W's oppression.

NYPL

Dicey
Law &
opinion
vol. I.
56 —

Legal status of women in 19th cent.
The Married Women's Property act
not yet passed. This the result of
Mill's "The Subjection of Women" —
also much impetus given by the
Princess, appeared in 1856 — quoted
by Lord Lifford in the House of Lords.
Tennyson's suggestion of women College —
put into practice by Miss Clough along
with others at Newnham, 1860.
Region in Cambridge — Girton? — spread
to Oxford, Lady Margaret, Somerville
&c.

NYPL

Freeman on 5. 81.

Death of Lanfranc.
Beginning of foreign wars.
1090 W. dreams of continental conquest.
Normandy under Robert in a state of
anarchy. Western part made over to Henry.
To the interest of Ws. to have one King.
R. craves help from Philip K. of
68 France. beginning of French English wars.
1091 William goes to Normandy; assigned
lands etc. hemmed in N. to N. & S.
to help R. to recover lost provinces
the ~~son~~ of either prince without children to succeed to the
lands of both on the death of one.
W & R. leagued against Henry.
Hereditary Kingship: Kingship to be
bartered to his next akin by the King.
Further disputes between W. & R.
1096 Beginning of Crusades.
R. went on pilgrimage
Redemption of the Holy Land from its
infidel oppressors.
R. pledges the Duchy of N. to W. for 10,000
marks; English taxed to produce it.
possession of N. marks beginning of E. and
95 F. wars.
W. supposed to covet crown of France

Death of Lanfranc.

Beginning of foreign wars.

1090 [illegible] continental conquest [illegible]

Normandy under Robert in

[illegible] peace made over to Henry

to the [illegible] to [illegible] King.

R. [illegible] help from Philip of

France. Beginning of [illegible] English [illegible]

1091 William goes to Normandy [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

1096 Beginning of Crusades

[illegible]

[illegible] 10000

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

95 [illegible]

[illegible]

109

NYPL

f. 5. 102

1097 war with France
1098 peace with France
W. wins Maine.
wars in Wales & Scotland
vassalage of S. renewed. Wales more
effectually subdued than usual.
Conquest of South Wales. Castles.
Speech in South Wales –